

The golden disk was encrusted with uncut rubies and emeralds.

A snarl came from the leopard and with a cry of terror Winnie turned and ran.

THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN-By Harold MacGrath was fearless. "She gets a little from me, I suppose," Col, Hare had once answered to a query, "for, I've always had a way with four" "Ton December 31 at midnight," she dashed forward. You see, at ceremonials you're not permitted to carry arms. It had to be with my hands. The leopard he had heard about was dead. The girls waited patiently. They was that his ellege meant to the cold boy flat and began to daughters! "On December 31 at midnight," she despends to his breed, he would enter. You must defense of his breed he had shown the had shown the

right. Kathlyn is heaven born. I've seen the night when Brocken would be simple, yet shrewd, and with that slumtame beside the pandemonium roundthe rounds everything quiets down. The gods are in it."

The living room of the bungalow was large and comfortable. The walls were adorned with the heads of wild beasts honors with the Persian rugs on the floor. Hare was a man who would pack up at a moment's notice and go to the far ends of the world to find a perfect black panther, a cheetah with a litter or a great horned rhinoceros. He was tall and broad and amazingly ac tive, for all that his hair and mustache were almost white.

For thirty years or more he had gone about the hazardous enterprise of supplying zoological gardens and circuses with wild beasts. He was known from Hamburg to Singapore, from Mombassa to Rio Janeiro. The Numidian lion, the had cause to fear Hare Sahib. He was even now preparing to return to Ceylon for an elephant hunt.

The two daughters went over to the tea tabaret, where a matronly maid was busying with the service. The odor of tea permeated the room. Hare paused at his desk. Lines suddenly appeared on his bronzed face. The day was the 15th of July. 'hould he go back there, or should he give up the expedition? He might never return India and the border countries! What a land, full of beauty and roman

terror and squalor, at once barbaric and civilized! He loved it and hated it, and sometimes feared it, he who had faced on foot many a wounded tiger. He shrugged, reached into the desk

for a box of Jaipur brass enamel and took from it a medal attached to a ribbon. The golden disk was encrusted with uncut rubies and emeralds.

"Girls." he called, "come here a moment. Martha, that will be all," with nod toward the door. "I never showed you this before."

"Goodness gracious!" cried Winnie reaching out her hand.

"Why, it looks like a decoration. ther," said Kathlyn. What lovely stones! It would make a Leautiful

pendant. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," said the Colonel, smiling down into their charming faces. Do you love your old dad?"

"Love you!" they exclaimed in uni-

son, indignantly too since the question

was an imputation of the fact. "Would you be lonesome if I took the Big Trek?" whimsically.

'Father!"

They pressed about him as vines about an oak.

"Hang it, I swear that this shall be the last hunt. I'm rich. We'll get rid of all these brutes and spend the rest of the years seeing the show places. I'm a bit tired myself of jungle fodder. We'll go to Paris, and Berlin, and Rome. and Vienna. And you, Kit, shall go and tell Rodin that you've inherited the spirit of Gerome. And you. Winnie, shall make a stab at grand opera."

Winnie gurgled her delight, but her sister searched her father's eyes. did not quite like the way he said those words. His voice lacked its usual heartiness and spontaneity.

"Where did you get this medal, father?" she asked. "That's what I started out to tell

"Were you afraid we might wish to wear it or have it made over?" laughed

Winnie, who never went below the surface of things. The truth is I had almost forgotten it. But the preparations for India recalled it to mind. It represents royal title conferred on me by the King of Allaha. You have never been to India, Kit. Allaha is the name we hunters give that border kingdom. Som day England will gobble it up; only waiting for a good excuse."

"What big thing did you do?" de manded Kathlyn, her eyes still filled

"What makes you think it was big? jestingly.

"Because," she answered seriously. you never do anything but big things As the lion is among beasts, you are among men."

"Good lord!" The Colonel reached a few minutes, then laid down the pipe "India is full of strange tongues and kingdoms and principalities. Most of them were dominated by the British raj, some are only protected. while others do about as they please. This State"—touching the order—"does about as it did since the days of the nothing; for you can brew a mighty to save the old king's life."

"I knew it would be something like

"for I've always had a way with four knew that his silence meant that he footed things. But I think Ahmed is was only marshalling the events in their

brous Oriental way of accomplishing his

under his bewildering diplomacy.
"He was all alone in the world. He was one of those rare Eastern potenand their great furry hides shared tates who wasn't hampered by parasiti- scars which stood out white against the bonors with the Persian rugs on the cal relatives. By George, the old boy tan. could have given his kingdom, lock stock and barrel, to the British Government and no one could say him nay. There was a good deal of rumor the last time I was there that when he died lessly. England would step in actually.

"The old boy gave me leave to come how I would. I had a mighty fine col-ection. There are tigers and leopards and bears and fat old pythons, forty foot long. Of course, it isn't the tiger country that central India is, but the brutes you find are bigger. I have about sixty easts there now, and that's mainly why Rajput tiger and the Malayan panther I'm going back. Want to clean it up and ship 'em to Hamburg, where I've lyn gravely. large standing order. I'm going first to Ceylon for some elephants."

The Colonel knocked the ash from

had a hunting lodge not far from my quarters. One day Ahmed came to me ommanded my presence at the lodge, nothing could possibly happen: if there where his slaves had trapped a fine did he would feel certain that he no leopard. Yes, my dears, slaves. There longer dwelt in a real workaday world. s even a slave mart at the capital this The idle whim of a sardonic old man: day. A barbaric fairyland, with its nothing more than that,

leopard.

"Somehow or other I got him down. Some of the frightened natives came up and with the help of Ahmed we got the up at the moon and smiled grimly. Golden Gate. Kathlyn proved rather about. Yet half an hour after Kit starts ends despite all obstacles. Underneath and with the help of Ahmed we got the this apparent simplicity I discovered a brute tied up securely. When the king grim sardonic humor. Trust the Orien- came around he silently shook hands tal for always having that packed away with me and smiled peculiarly at I'mballa, who now came running up."

> hands!" exclaimed Kathlyn, kissing the putting them on Kathlyn's head in

kind of benediction. "Is that all?" asked Winnie breath

"Isn't that enough?" he retorted.
"Well, what is it, Martha? Dinner? and go as I pleased, to hunt where and Well, if I haven't cheated you girls out of your tea!"
"Tea;" sniffed Winnie disdainfully.

Do you know, dad, you're awfully mean to Kit and me. If you'd take the trouble ou could be more interesting than any book I ever read." "He doesn't believe his stories would

interest vain young ladies," said Kath-Her father eyed her sharply. Of what

Frowning, he replaced the order in the box, which he put away in a drawer. with a message saying that the King It was all arrant nonsense, anyhow;

head and flung it about the head of the would send his abdication to the coun- waiting." cil, giving them the right to choose his

"And that's how you got those poor Well, it's not cupidity for myself. It's she had never visited India. Had her may have dropped down into Borned for the girls. Besides there's the call. the adventure. I've simply got to go. Was he going into some unknown, un-

> the desk in the living room. He was dressed for travel. He sat down and penned a note, From the box which envelope, heavily sealed. This he balfrowned laughed and swore softly. He more flighty than ever. Her father would abdicate, but at a snug profit. Why not? • • He was an old fool. his daughters entered.

"Come here, my pretty cubs." He held out the envelope, "I want you, beld out the envelope, "I want you, "During the last week in December was she thinking? In those calm unKit, to open this on December 31 at
Wavering evas of hers he saw a question midnight. Girls like mystering and it

The father eyed her sharply. Of what he had out the envelope, "I want you, buring the last week in December there arrived at the Palace Hotel in San midnight. Girls like mysteries, and if you opened it any time but midnight it francisco an East Indian, tall, well formed rather handsome. Event for wavering eyes of hers he saw a question midnight. his pipe.

"The old boy used to do some trapping himself, and whenever he'd catch a fine of the volatile Winnie, but there was no specimen he'd turn it over to me. He getting by Kathlyn with evasions.

and he feared in his soul she might you opened it any time out mining to wouldn't be mysterious. Indeed, I shall probably have you both on the arms of my chair when you open it." "Is it about the medal?" demanded

By George, Kit, the child is begin-

ng to reason out things," he jested. Winnie laughed, and so did Kathlyn, it she did so because occultly she felt that her father expected her to laugh. was positively uncanny sometimes in her perspicacity.

maul him. I kicked the brute in the face, swept the king's turban off his He would send Ahmed. Ahmed knew lon, and write a long letter from Allaha.

successor. He himself would remain the Pacific Mail steamer move with cold gone. 'Hukum hai!" he murmured in Hin- uncommunicative on the way home. dustan. "It is the orders. I've simply December 31 kept running through her got to go. When I recall those rubies and emeralds and pearls. • • • knew something of the Orient, though knew something of the Orient, though forget us so long. Who knows? He father made an implacable enemy? He wanted some pythons, so I heard him Ol' Bill Herman Corrects Himself, I can't escape it. I must be always seen danger? December 31, at mid-on the go • • • since she died." A few days later he stood again be-December 31, at mid-

Many of the days that followed contained the order he extracted a large had a beau, a young newspaper man from San Francisco. He came out reguanced in his hand for a moment, larly every Saturday and returned at night. Winnie became, if anything, girls were glad to welcome this divernever had young men about. The men gave chase. The dog headed for the out- in their friendship had been Why not? • • He was an old fool. Into a still larger envelope he put the sealed envelope and his own note, then wrote upon it. He was blotting it as his daughters entered.

He was an old fool. The her had young men about. The men he generally gathered round his board were old hunters or sailors. Kathlyn watched this budding romance amushis daughters entered.

formed, rather handsome. Except for his brown turban he would have passed unnoticed, for Hindus and Japanese and Chinamen and what nots from the southern seas were every day affairs."

The brown turban, however, and an enormous emerald on one of his fingers produced an effect quite gratifying to him. Vanity in the Oriental is never conspicuous for its absence. The reporters gave him scant attention though, for this was at a time when the Gaekwar of Baroda was unknown.

The stranger after two or three days of idling casually asked the way to trespasser. the wild animal farm of his old friend. Col. Hare. It was easy enough to find, low notes of the bells in the ancient to Mr. Herman's narrative, the At the village into he was treated with Spanish mission. The old year was members of the society were rewere forever coming and going to and with it the unchanging sound of happifro from the colonel's celebrated farm.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st day of December this East Indian peered cautiously into the French winlow of the Hare bungalow. The picture he saw there sent a thrill into his heart She was as fair and beautiful as an houri of Sa'adi. She sat at a desk, holding a long white envelope in her hand. By and by she put it away and he was particular to note the drawer in which she placed it.

That the dark haired girl at the tea tabaret was equally charming did not stir the watcher. Dark haired women were plentiful in his native land. Youler was the girl of the photograph th likeness of which had fired his heart for many a day. With the patience of the waited. Sooner or later they would leave

waiting."

"What can it all mean? Not a line son was now a subtle menace. And when some hours later the two girls saw from father since Colombo, five months later she saw him peering into the

"Do you think-"
"No, no!" replied Kathlyn, hastily.
Father sometimes forgets. He may e hunting miles from telegraph wires and railroads; it is only that he should forget us so long. Who knows? He The Sun next Sunday.

The elder sister did not care to instil into the heart of her charge the fear which was in her own.

news in the envelope? Dad's always doing something like th t. New Year's! The collie, released from the kitchen. came bounding in. In his exuberance he knocked over a cloisonne vase. Both sion. They rose simultaneously and oard door studio, where they caught him and told of the twelve snakes the made believe they were punishing him.

Quietly the watcher entered through he window, alert and tense. He flew to the desk, found the envelope, steamed it open at the kettle, extracted the sealed envelope and Col Hare's note. He smiled bers of the Munchausen Zoolas he read the latter and changed his ciety. Mr. Snyder had plainly ind plans completely. He would not play nessenger—he would use a lure instead disapproval of it. This puzzle With his ear strained for sounds, he other members not a little, ina wrote and substituted a note. This houri of Sa'adi would not pause to note the twelve snakes seemed to ful the difference in writing; the vitalness the requirements of the society of the subject would enchain her thoughts. It was all accomplished in point. the space of a few minutes. Smiling, he passed out into the fast settling twi-

They were shipping a lion to San ber of the society by considering Francisco, and the roaring and confusion were all very satisfactory to the Snyder would be the first to re-

Midnight. From afar came the melolerant contempt. These brown fellows dead, the new year was born, carrying ness and misery or promises made and ernors of the society being upromises broken, of good and evil.

"The packet!" cried Winnie Kathlyn recognized in that call that Winnle was only a child. All the responsibility lay upon her shoulders. She ripped the cover from the packet and read the note.

KATHLYN: If not heard from I'm held captive in Allaha. Sealed document car save me. Bring it yourself to Allaha by first steamer. FATHER.

"I knew it." said Kathlyn calmly. The fear in her heart had, as the brown man had anticipated, blinded her to the fact that this was not her father's characteristic blunt scrawl. "Oh. Kit. Kit!"

"Hush, Winnie! I must go and go ione. Where's the evening paper? Ah here it is. Let me see what boat leaves San Francisco to-morrow. The Empress of India. 6 A. M. I must make that. Now you're ; ur father's daughter too. Winnie. You must stay behind and be brave and wait. I shall I told you of some snakes the have to rouse all India. Now to pack." When they arrived at the station the each other's tails in their

passenger train had just drawn out, snapped themselves over For a while Kathlyn felt beaten. She a tree and completed a circle would be compelled to wait another week. It was disheartening. Why not try the freight then?" cried

"You little angel! I never thought of hat!"

But the crew would not hear of it. It vas absolutely against the company's rules. Kathlyn could have cried. isn't money, miss, it's the rules.' said the conductor kindly. "I can't do

Kathlyn turned in despair toward the station. It was then she saw the boxed I told you that the limb of on on the platform. She returned to he conductor of the freight

Why isn't that lion shipped?" "We can't carry a lion without an at tendant, miss. You ou ht to kno . that. "Very well," replied Kathlyn. smiled at the conductor confidently Til travel as the lion's attendant. You

ertainly cannot object to that."

"I guess you've got me," admitted the conductor, "But where the dickens will we put the cat? Every car is closed and eyes, Bill. ocked, and there is not an empty.' "You can easily get the lion in the aboose. I'll see that he doesn't bother

"Lions in the caboose is a new one on me. Well, you know your dad's business Bill," he said. "Just how lon better than I do, Look alive, boys, and snake, now?" get that angora aboard. This is Miss "About a Hare herself, and she'll take charge.

"Kit. Kit!" Winnie! "Oh, I'll be brave. I've just got to be, But I've never been left alone before." The two girls embraced and Winnie

waited on the platform. What happened in that particular caboose has long since been newspaper history. The crew will go on telling it a Sinbad's yarns. How the lion escaped, you what I've written about

Winnie set down the teacup, her eyes of him dismayed Kathlyn as no l could have done. Any dark skinned tor. porthole of her stateroom, disma-

me terror. Who was this man? Copyright, 1913, by Harold MacGrath,

Chpater II. of "The Adventures of

L' BILL SNYDER, who is feet father to all the animals in c tral Park, was recording his su "Who knows but there may be good cess in teaching Eat 'Em Up K leopard, to eat alphabet soup it betical order, having been make such a record for the

> heard from his friend, fellow and historian. Ol' Bill Herman Jersey, for some time, in fact t the loop and of the little snak the blue eyes that cracked the and sent the whole dozen shoot

chausen Zoological Society. He

an arrow through the treet

a literary as well as statistical sulting Mr. Herman or any other

possiblity, nay, impossibility, her Inasmuch, however, as Mr. did not see fit to explain his

to question him, and the wh was very much in the dark. in the archives. So, in the midst of this distress na situation, we find Mr. Snyder sitting in

his Central Park study, pains: recording, step by step, his met teaching Eat 'Em Up Kitty to phabet soup in alphabetical or Mr. Snyder had reached that ing part of his article where of the difficulty Kitty had guishing between the M and ! how the intelligent animal fina came the difficulty, when the the study opened and there s Herman, haggard, It is true, dist

his hearty, jovial self, but n less Ol' Bill Herman. Mr. Snyder's face was stwas shocked at his friend's at "Come in." he said, not unk Mr. Herman took a seat and in embarrassed fashion. The

"Mr. Snyder, the last time !

"I told you that those sna spinning around and of how little snake cracked the whip "Mr. Snyder, my conscien-

bothering me. I have comto you that I made some mis The good hearted animal Central Park seemed mollified

You need say no more ful, Bill," he said gently. "No, I want you to he

s just busting," said Mr. Herm "When I told you about ther

was ten feet above ground. wrong, Mr. Snyder, I went eneasured it to-day. It was to inches.

'I told you that the smooth pl snakes wore on that branch a couple of inches wide. 1 w. It was two and three-fourths "I told you that that little light blue eyes. I got to the

over and I should have said "And now I hope you'll ov

discrepancies Mr. Snyder was silent.

You were talking about a "About a foot and three

That's as near as I can com wished I'd looked closer." Mr. Snyder rose and gras friend's hand. "Darn your old hide, Bill

"I'm going to forgive you. ! vent sobbing back to the maid who didn't mean to do wrong, but that what I want is details information and it made know that you weren't all your facts when you told

"Now let's forget it. I'm g how the fearless young woman cap- Up Kitty."



"The Arabian Nights," murmured Winnie, snuggling close to Kathlyn. Kit?" "The Oriental loves pomp," went on the Colonel. "He can't give you a not is."

chupatti-What's that?" asked Winnie.

"Something like hardtack. Well, he an't give you that without ceremonial When I arrived at the lodge with Ahmed the old boy-he had the complexion of a prima donna-the old boy sat on his portable throne, glittering with orders. Standing beside him was a chap we

called Umballa. "He had been a street rat. of impudence had caught the King's fancy, and he brought up the boy clothed, fed him, and sent him away down to Umballa to school. When the boy returned he talked Umballa morning, noon and night, till the soldiers began to call him that, and from them it passed on to the natives, all of whom disliked the upstart. Hanged if I can

recall his real name. "He was ugly and handsome at the same time; suave, patient, courteous; yet somehow or other I sensed the real man below-the Tatar blood. I took a embarrassedly for his pipe, lit it, puffed dislike to him, first off. It's the animal sense. You've got it, Kit. Behind the King sat the Council of Three—three wise old ducks I wouldn't trust with an old umbrella.

Winnie laughed. "While we were salaaming and genuflecting and using grandiloquent phrases about as it did since the days of the first white rover who touched the shores of Hind. It is small, but that signifies know. Anyhow, he made for the king. who was too thunderstruck to dodge. poison in a small pot. Well, I happened The rest of 'em took to their heels, you

may lay odds on that. "Now, I had an honest liking for the

"Dead! What makes you ask that.

"The past tense; you said he was. "Yes, he's dead, and the news came this morning. Hence the yarn.

"Will there be any danger in returning? "My girl, whenever I pack my luggage there is danger. A cartridge may stick, a man may stumble, a man you

there's always danger. It's the penalty of being alive." On the way to the dining room Kathlyn thought deeply. Why had her father asked them if they loved him? Why did he speak of the Big Trek? There was something more than this glittering medal, something more than this simple tale of bravery. What?

Well, if he declined to take her into

his confidence he must have good rea-After dinner that night the Colonel went the rounds, as was his habit nightly. By and by he returned to the bungalow, but did not enter. filled his cutty and walked to and fro in the moonlight, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back There was a restlessness in his stride not unlike that of the captive beasts in the cages near by. Occasionally he paused at the clink clink of the elephant frons or at the "whuff" as the

Bah! It was madness. A parchment in Hindustan, given jestingly or ironically by a humorous old chap in orders and white linen and rhinoceros sandals . . A throne! Pshaw! It was bally nonsense. As if a white man

uneasy pachyderm poured dust on his

head.



The East Indian peered cautiously into the window.